Image

Indians told us never
a tornado where two
rivers meet. There,

after the roar, my
fingers shredded after
holding to a chain-link
fence, I looked up

to a green broil of
sky to see a woman

hanging from a ragged tree
by her hair. I can't forget
nor, now, will you.

Never forget.

Nor I that image now that yhou told me.
Or you.